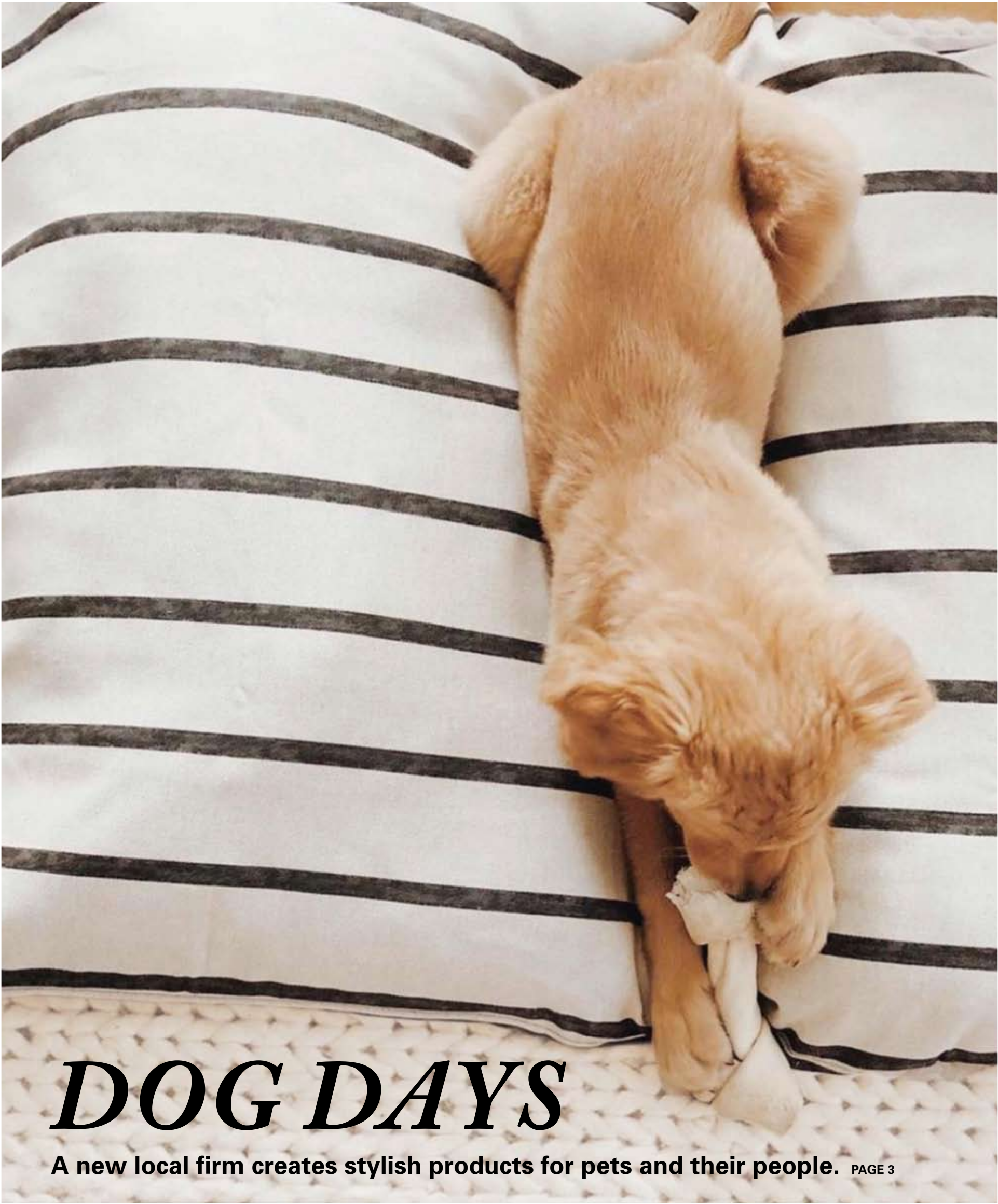


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THE NEW FILLMORE

SAN FRANCISCO ■ AUGUST 2019



DOG DAYS

A new local firm creates stylish products for pets and their people. PAGE 3

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DICKE SPRITZER

Many readers sent comments and contributions after our item on the Little Free Library at 2418 Pine Street ["A Little Library Lives On," July]. Head librarian Susan Meyers says all are welcome to bring or take a book — or a dog treat.

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

I WANTED TO SHARE a good neighbor story with you. I am the owner and principal of Marsh and Clark Design, located at 2849 California Street. We have been in business since 2005, working almost exclusively in the neighborhood.

We recently got a notice our new landlord would need to retrofit the building and we would need to vacate during the work. This was, of course, a challenging thought: how to relocate, where to go, all the expense. When I shared this information with my next door neighbors at Performance Audio, at 2847 California Street, owner Barry O'Neill offered to let my team of five move into his conference room during the renovation.

I was overwhelmed by his generosity and my faith in human kindness was strengthened. My team is happily working away in his conference room while the retrofit is going on — and we are all having a good time together.

STEPHANIE MARSH FILLBRANDT

DIOGENES CAN STOP looking for an honest man. We found him: Larry, our Western Addition neighbor.

Briefly: My wife Janice Bolaffi left our house on Bush Street, between Steiner and Pierce, early on a Friday morning to meet some friends for coffee and then to run an important errand. She waited for the westbound 38-Geary bus at Fillmore and Geary. While waiting, she placed her purse on one of the seats at the bus stop. The 38R arrived quickly and Janice boarded the bus. At Masonic, she realized she had lost her purse. She quickly got off the bus and began retracing her steps to the bus stop,

looking in every trash container on Geary.

Back at home, I was awakened by someone ringing the doorbell asking if Janice was home — because he had found her purse and was returning it. I thought the caller might really want something else, but I met him at the door. He produced Janice's handbag and asked: "Is this Janice's purse?" Larry had found the bag at the bus stop and brought it to the address on her driver's license. The bag, eyeglasses, notepad and wallet, with all its contents, were all there and intact.

I thanked Larry appropriately and called Janice on her cell phone to inform her that her handbag had been found and returned. Janice wants to meet and personally thank Larry. So, Larry, if you live in the neighborhood and read this little story, we would love to hear from you via the *New Fillmore* — or please stop by our house again.

Diogenes, seek no longer. Larry is our extraordinarily honest, decent and very unusual man.

ANDRE BOLAFFI

THANK YOU for your profile of Zema Daniels ["No More Mr. Hands," July]. I lived near Fillmore Street on Post from 1994 to 2001. His presence on the street reminded me of decades of contributions he made.

I'm sorry he's been ill, but I wish him pleasant days as he recuperates. Please forward the enclosed postcard to him if possible. It's wonderful that the *New Fillmore* keeps us all informed of changes in our city. I live outside of San Francisco now, but make it a point to read the paper regularly.

BETH ERICSON

THE NEW FILLMORE

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Connecting the neighborhood

Every month, 20,000 copies of the New Fillmore circulate to homes and businesses in the Fillmore, Pacific Heights and Japantown. We thank you for your support and encouragement and welcome your ideas and suggestions.



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The buffalo check plaid dog bed is available in four sizes from The Foggy Dog.

Modern Designs for Foggy Dogs

A new firm based in the neighborhood manufactures premium dog beds and accessories

PEOPLE OFTEN JOKE that there are more dogs than children in San Francisco. Statistics show it’s true: There were about 115,000 children under age 18 living in the city in 2016, according to the American Community Survey. San Francisco Animal Care and Control estimated that at the same time, there were about 120,000 to 150,000 dogs.

One local, Rose Shattuck, has launched a new business she hopes will make good on that reality.

Shattuck is the founder of The Foggy Dog, a two-year-old brand of premium goods for dogs headquartered in the neighborhood. She got the idea for the company when she couldn’t find a dog bed for her goldendoodle, Utah. “I couldn’t understand why every dog bed had paw prints or was khaki colored,” she says. “So I found some upholstery fabric that I loved and hired a seamstress from Craigslist to make my dream dog bed.”

Then she realized she was on to something. So Shattuck left her role as vice president for merchandising at Minted — an online design marketplace for stationery and art with a shop at 1919 Fillmore — to focus full time on The Foggy Dog. The product line now includes dog beds,

collars, leashes, toys and accessories. Her passion is to make pet products that are not only functional, but also beautiful. “At Minted, I was surrounded by amazing design every day,” she says. “I wanted to bring that same level of fresh, modern aesthetic to the pet industry.”

Living in the neighborhood — earlier at Washington and Webster and now in Cow Hollow — Shattuck was surrounded by other “dog moms” in their 20s and 30s who were dissatisfied with the choices they had when it came to their pets. She realized there was a market for attractive, made-in-the-U.S. pet products that appeal to a more modern customer. “People are having children later in life, and their dogs are their babies. Pet parents want the best for their fur kids,” she says. “And there isn’t another brand right now that seems to serve their needs.”

A Stanford business school graduate, Shattuck had to learn how to manufacture products. She was determined to produce her goods locally. Fabric used in Foggy Dog products is cut in Oakland, then sewn in San Francisco.

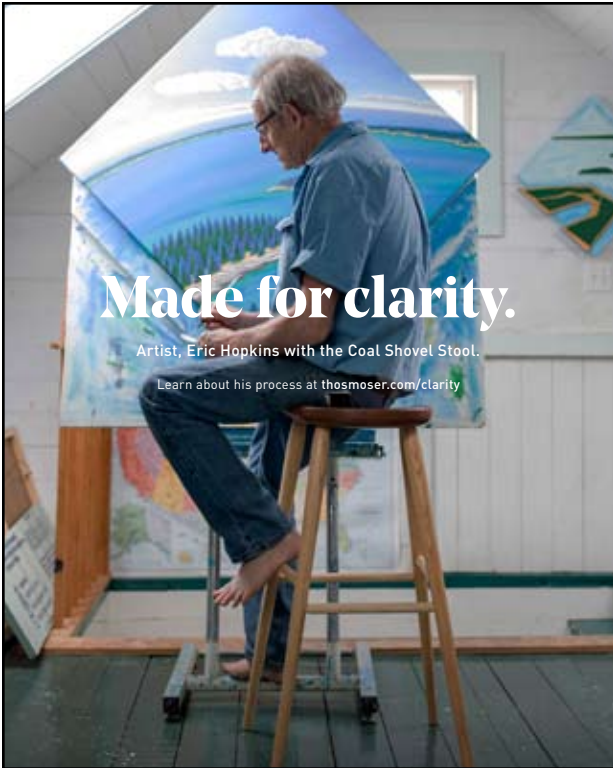
“I love that I get to work hand-in-hand with my production partners,” she says. “I’m on the phone with one of my factories every day. I am much more involved in the design and development than I could be if I went overseas.”

Producing locally has a myriad of other benefits, including smaller minimum order quantities — usually 100 units per style — and a smaller carbon footprint. Instead of shipping containers overseas, a Foggy Dog employee picks up finished goods from the factory on the way to work. Perhaps most importantly, it means faster turnaround times. Instead of three to four months to source overseas products, The Foggy Dog’s entire production process can take as little as three weeks. Shorter turns and smaller minimums mean the company can be nimble.

“We can make 30 units of a bandana just to see if it’s a hit,” Shattuck says. “If so, we’ll order more fabric and ramp up production.”

After two years, The Foggy Dog is on track to post just under \$2 million in annual revenue, with sales mostly driven through its website, thefoggydog.com. It also sells through a number of brick and mortar retailers, including pet stores and national brands including Anthropologie.

The headquarters in which Shattuck and her five employees store inventory and fulfill orders, at 2505 Bush Street at Scott, is open by appointment. Contact The Foggy Dog at woof@thefoggydog.com or 415-993-1130.



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Robbery
Geary and Buchanan
June 4, 4:30 p.m.

A woman was walking by when a man ran up from behind and snatched her phone out of her hand. A second man then rushed up and pushed the woman to the ground. The first suspect is described as a man about 20 years old. Police have made no arrests and the case is still being investigated.

Robbery
Webster and Page
June 6, 8:05 p.m.

A woman was riding her bicycle when a male, described as from 16 and 18 years old, snatched her handbag out of her basket. The woman chased the thief on foot, but another teenager of roughly the same age tripped her. Police are still investigating the matter.

Robbery
Geary and Laguna
June 23, 5:30 p.m.

A 14-year-old boy arranged to meet with a girl to sell her his shoes. When he arrived, the girl was accompanied by two boys who threatened him, then snatched his phone as well as his shoes. No arrest has been made and the matter is under investigation.

Assault
Pacific and Polk
June 28, 9:53 p.m.

A woman looked up from her cell phone and saw a man approaching her. As he passed, he punched her in the face without provocation, knocking her to the ground, then fled. A witness gave chase, keeping the suspect in sight until police arrived and arrested him. The woman who was struck sustained a laceration above her eye and damage to her glasses. Police learned that the suspect had two aliases, as well as an active parole warrant. He was arrested for assault and for the outstanding warrant.

Possession of a Firearm
Polk and Market
June 29, 3:25 p.m.

A police sergeant working in plainclothes at SF Pride alerted officers at the event to an individual who had recently been arrested for possession of a firearm. Officers located the man near the Hip Hop Stage. He resisted arrest and the officers called for additional police to assist. As the sergeant and an additional officer struggled to overcome him, all three parties fell to the ground. Eventually the officers handcuffed the suspect. During an arrest search, the sergeant found a black semi-automatic 9mm pistol in the man's waistband. The suspect was taken into custody for possession of a firearm.

Outstanding Warrant
Baker and Fell
June 30, 8:22 a.m.

Officers received a call about a trespasser in a parking lot. On arrival, they spotted him standing next to a closed business that had posted a No Trespassing sign. A computer check revealed that the suspect had

a \$20,000 outstanding warrant for vandalism. He was arrested and transported to county jail.

Possession of a Loaded Firearm
Scott and Eddy
July 2, 4:59 p.m.

Officers on patrol spotted a man who was wanted for auto theft. When they made a pat search during his arrest, they discovered a loaded firearm in his waistband. The officers then conducted a computer query and learned the gun had been reported as stolen on March 4 from the Ward County Sheriff's Office in Minot, North Dakota. The suspect was booked without incident.

Outstanding Warrants
Geary and Palm
July 10, 11:50 a.m.

A storeowner witnessed a shoplifting incident and called the police, giving them a description and the suspect's direction of travel. Officers found the man and learned he had several outstanding warrants. The owner of the store declined to pursue charges, so the suspect was booked for the outstanding warrants.

Vehicle Burglary
Franklin and Pine
July 12, 2:45 a.m.

Officers in plainclothes saw an individual they recognized from former police contacts walking down the street and peering into cars. The man fled suddenly from a vehicle that had been broken into, and officers pursued him. They placed him in handcuffs, and as they searched him he spontaneously stated that he was not the one who had broken into the car; he'd found the broken window and then removed the property. The owner of the car confirmed that the items in the suspect's possession belonged to her. The man was booked.

Auto Burglary
Octavia and Hayes
July 16, 10:38 p.m.

Officers received a call about an auto burglary in progress. When they arrived, they met with an off-duty police officer, who stated that he heard a car's window breaking, then saw a man inside who removed several bags from the vehicle. The suspect jumped into an accomplice's car and the two fled.

The officers provided this information to police in the surrounding area. A short time later, another officer spotted a car matching the description of the getaway car several blocks away. In a traffic stop, the two individuals inside were detained. When one was given permission to retrieve his sweater, the officers spotted the stolen property described by the witness. The owner of the car then identified the recovered property and the suspects were booked.

Possession of a Loaded Firearm
Fillmore and McAllister
July 17, 3 p.m.

Police on patrol recognized a man suspected of a previous crime and detained him. They learned there was an outstanding felony warrant for him. As they arrested the suspect, they discovered a loaded hand-

gun his waistband. He was booked at county jail for several firearms-related charges.

Vehicle Burglary
Lyon and North Point
July 18, 2:22 p.m.

The Northern Station street crimes unit was conducting a surveillance operation at the Palace of Fine Arts when the officers spotted a car moving slowly through the parking lot while a man in the passenger seat looked into the parked vehicles. Soon the passenger got out, and police heard glass breaking. When the police approached the suspect, half his body was inside the car while his legs were dangling out. The officers ordered him to exit the car and found he was holding a window punch along with several items taken from the car. Police arrested him without incident, but the driver of the getaway car sped off from the parking lot and was not apprehended.

Vehicle Burglary
Pierce and Eddy
July 19, 11:36 a.m.

A witness saw an auto burglary in progress and called the police, giving them the suspect's description and his direction of travel. Among the stolen property was a black Glock handgun.

Officers later learned that three other auto burglaries were connected to this same individual. Several days later, they spotted a silver Mercedes they knew belonged to the suspect and carried out a traffic stop. They ordered the man to exit the car and placed him in handcuffs. The police then searched his home and seized several items of stolen property, but did not find the black handgun.

Hot Prowl
9th and Geary
July 19, 8 p.m.

A man was inside his residence when he heard someone open his back door. He went to check, saw a stranger inside his house and shouted at the man to get out. As he called the police, the trespasser left. Then the resident watched while he entered his neighbor's yard and climbed up to the second story, where he attempted to open a window. Officers arrived while the suspect was still struggling to get the window open. They placed him under arrest and he was booked at county jail.

Attempted Rape
Polk and Hemlock
July 20, 5:45 a.m.

A woman was approached on the street by a man who tried to start a conversation with her. He then grabbed her with both arms and pinned her against a nearby car. Her assailant struggled to remove the woman's clothing and his own, but she managed to distract him. When she tried to run away, he shoved her to the ground and held her down. A witness intervened and shouted at her attacker to leave the woman alone. The man got up then and tried to run away. The woman flagged down the police and gave them a description of the man. The officers went in pursuit, detained the suspect and placed him under arrest.

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Thieving Day and Night

By Chris Barnett

ARMED WITH blowtorches, guts and guile, a spate of burglars and shoplifters have been thieving from merchants day and night on Fillmore Street and in the California-Divisadero retail hub as well — and some storeowners are complaining that neither the cops nor District 2 Supervisor **CATHERINE STEFANI** are taking any real action to protect them or catch the criminals.

There seem to be two varieties of crooks, depending on the neighborhood. Fashion shops on Fillmore Street report being hit by shoplifters during the day who grab merchandise in the front of the store when clerks are in the back ringing up customers. At California and Divisadero, the *modus operandi* is blowtorching or breaking in glass front doors in the early morning hours, often between 3 and 5 a.m.

TIM SCHUYLER HAYMAN, owner of **SCOPO DIVINO**, a wine bar and retail shop at 2800 California — who also heads the **UPPER DIVIS MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION** — says he’s largely getting a deaf ear from City Hall and law enforcement. “I’ve invited Northern Station and Richmond Station to attend our meetings and they never show up. We’re right on the border of the two jurisdictions, but I’ve also been told we’re on the fringe,” he says. “Plus, Northern Station officers took some DNA on a break-in of my store two years ago and it’s never been processed. We don’t have a foot patrol and we have a lot of stores.”

Hayman says he’s pleaded with Supervisor Stefani to come to the merchants meeting and hear what is happening, but she’s never appeared. “One time she was in Italy on city business, and I understand that. But since then, nothing,” he says. “She last visited us when she was running for election.”

After repeated unanswered calls, Supervisor Stefani’s office issued a statement: “I’m doing everything in my power to combat the crime epidemic facing our neighborhoods, which is out of control. Last year I successfully advocated for the addition of 250 new officers over four years, and this year I protected over \$1 million in the budget to pay for foot patrols on our streets — but that’s not enough.”

The brass at Northern Station offered no response, but a lieutenant at the Richmond Station said officers are always willing to meet with merchants and residents. He said a Richmond investigator is working with Hayman and “an active investigation is ongoing.”

Some Fillmore merchants are hardening up, taking matters into their own hands. **WALGREENS**, hit several times by swarms of thieves who rampaged through the aisles grabbing merchandise not under lock and key, now has a security guard, dressed in black, posted at the front door and circulating through the store. **RALPH LAUREN** has at times posted a hulking guard outside the store wearing a black T-shirt emblazoned “public safety.” Sometimes a black-suited guard is posted just inside the front door. A clerk says that shoplifters “in their 30s and 40s — never any kids” filch random sizes, leading him to surmise they probably sell the goods at swap meets. Across the street at Amsterdam-based **SCOTCH & SODA**, a clerk says the shop was hit by an “older man” and also a male and female couple. “We’ve put a sensor on the front door that buzzes when someone walks in, and that has been helpful,” she says.

Meantime, even **ST. DOMINIC’S CHURCH**, which had an irreplaceable ecclesiastical treasure and historic church records stolen last year, isn’t trusting in the heavens to protect it from blasphemous burglars. A guard is now often posted inside the Gothic sanctuary. Parish administrator **MICHAEL ROSSI** acknowledged: “We have more security today than we had 10 years ago,” but wouldn’t go into details.

VAS KINIRIS, executive director of both the **FILLMORE MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION** and a citywide merchant group, agrees that Fillmore shoplifting is on the rise and the buzz is heard by pro criminals who flock to the hood for upscale pickings. But he contends that Northern Station cops and other SFPD stations are quietly working with merchants to install video coverage, get descriptions of suspects and target repeat offenders. “The police are responsive and quietly doing a good job,” Kiniris says. “I’m optimistic.”

■
PARIS MEETS STOCKHOLM: On Pine just off Fillmore, **LA BOULANGERIE** has reopened with a new paint job — it’s no longer French blue — a new blond interior decor, communal seating and a few new staffers behind the modern counter. Two tech execs who had relocated here from the City of Light one day earlier recently agreed it was a bit more global than Parisian in its presentation. “It feels more Nordic — Swedish, mixed with French,” says one. Their friend **IAN WILLIAMS**, a longtime local and La Boulangerie regular, was taken by the paneling: “The new light wood color matches the bread,” he says. “Very inviting and soothing.” Meantime, owner **PASCAL RIGO**’s long-promised organic **APIZZA** shop at 2043 Fillmore will likely open in September instead of August.

■
COMING & GOING: The news is out that **MOLLIE STONE’S** will be opening another market nearby in the old Lombardi’s building at Polk and Jackson. . . . The closet-sized fashion boutique **DE NOVO**, nearby at 2413 California for the past 15 years, is closing when its lease expires at the end of August. . . . South of Geary, the heart of the old Fillmore has lost two more restaurants. The Korean-flavored **FILLMORE SOCIAL CLUB** at 1521 Eddy, in the shadow of the empty complex that once housed **YOSHI’S** and **1300 ON FILLMORE**, is now shuttered. . . . And **ISLA VIDA**, the Afro-Carribean spot lauded just a few weeks ago as one of the Top 100 restaurants in the Bay Area, closed at the end of July and its kitchen equipment was hauled away.

■
SO LONG, STAN: Local landlords are regularly lambasted by tenants for greed and outrageous rent hikes. But **STAN ZIMMERMAN**, owner of the Victorian building at 2001 Fillmore, which includes **NOOSH** restaurant on the ground floor and professional offices above, was beloved by his tenants as a kind, caring person who actually winced when he levied extremely small annual rent increases. A raconteur, a rabid sports fan, a lawyer with a heart, he died at age 91 after battling an aggressive skin cancer. RIP.

The Beat goes on. Send newsy local items to chris@cbarnmedia.com or call 415-921-5092.



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August 2019 NEW FILLMORE 5

A Left-Brain Right-Brain Take on Aging

Geriatrician Louise Aronson — and her new book — come to the neighborhood

By FRAN MORELAND JOHNS

LOUISE ARONSON is finding a lot to love in Japantown, her new temporary neighborhood. “I can walk to my clinic and to plenty of UCSF shuttles, there are parks nearby to walk my dog and plenty of good places to eat,” she says. “And with several major streets, it feels safe.”

Aronson says she and her spouse looked at many places, including “a lot of sexy new apartments south of Market that are tiny — and pricey” before settling on their current spot on Webster Street, where they will live while major rebuilding goes on in their Bernal Heights home.

The move to the neighborhood coincides with the release of Aronson’s new book, *Elderhood*, which was published in June, and is already garnering widespread acclaim. An earlier short story collection, *A History of the Present Illness: Stories*, was published in 2013. She holds both M.D. and M.F.A. degrees and maintains a busy right-brain, left-brain life.

Aronson took time out from packing, unpacking and career to talk about modern medicine in general and geriatrics in particular — topics she explores in *Elderhood*, and which also consume her professional life. She is unsparing in her reportage of medical mistakes — her own as well as those of her colleagues.



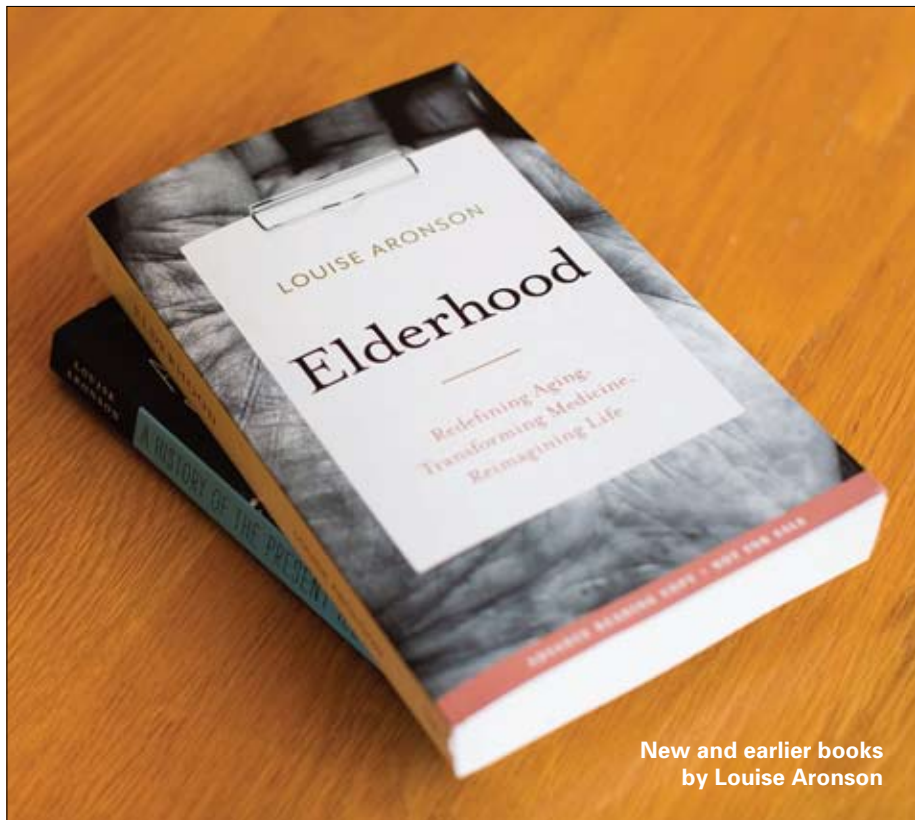
“We need to focus on health, rather than disease.”

— LOUISE ARONSON

But she also shows some subdued optimism. “Overall, patient safety is up; we’re trying to address it,” she says. “But harms remain pretty steady, and I question whether it isn’t the structure of medicine itself.”

Now perched midway between two medical behemoths — Kaiser Medical Center on Geary and the new Van Ness campus of California Pacific Medical Center — Aronson has a few strong words about what goes on inside most hospitals.

“The payment system prioritizes hospital care over outpatient care. It’s literally baked in: You want those hospitals to be



New and earlier books by Louise Aronson

full. Payment goes to drugs, medicine, procedures,” she says. “But we actually have a huge evidence base on how to do prevention. We need to focus on health, rather than disease.”

In *Elderhood*, Aronson tells personal stories of how she came to focus on caring for older people and of her own professional burnout as she entered what might loosely be termed middle age.

She has even stronger words about the widespread American tendency to dismiss older people. That attitude, she maintains, leads to discrimination in many forms and can have an adverse effect on healthcare.

“Older patients are often cared for as if they were just like younger patients,” she writes. “Drugs and treatments developed in studies of middle-aged adults are given to old patients irrespective of age, other medical conditions, incapacity or life expectancy. Neither approach makes sense.”

Aronson never dreamed of becoming a geriatrician. One of two daughters born to ophthalmologist Sam Aronson and his wife, Mary Ann, she was born at UCSF, just a building or two from where she currently sees patients. On her website she mentions childhood dreams of becoming the editor of favorite famous writers. Or a professional basketball player — though she admits that hope was “doomed from the start by verbal, visual and coordination challenges.”

She went to Brown University, majored in history and anthropology and considered becoming a math or English teacher. Her own writing skills were strong enough to win a MacDowell Colony fellowship; and in addition to numerous scholarly publications, she has published critically acclaimed short stories.

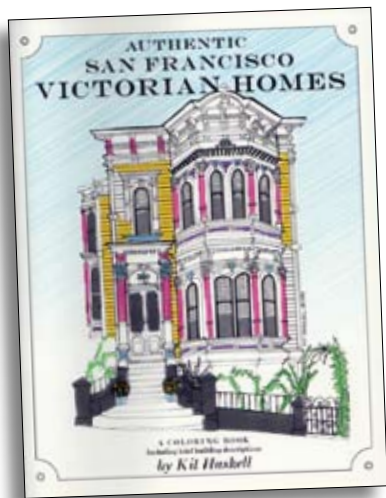
Medicine, though, and the desire to make people’s lives better won out. Aronson settled on internal medicine, and gradually worked her way into geriatrics. To those who respond as if she were either to be pitied or sanctified, she is quick to point out: “In studies of physicians’ career satisfaction, geriatricians come out on top.”

In *Elderhood*, Aronson writes: “Older adults score higher on traits like emotional intelligence and wisdom.”

At the top of that scale she would place her mother Mary Ann Aronson — to whom, along with the author’s spouse, the book is dedicated. Now an octogenarian, her mother appears often in *Elderhood* as an exemplar of graceful aging. It doesn’t hurt, in glowing appraisals of her new neighborhood, that her mom’s apartment is only three blocks away.

Louise Aronson will be talking about her new book Elderhood: Refining Aging on September 16 at the Institute on Aging, 3575 Geary Boulevard. See details at ioaging.org.

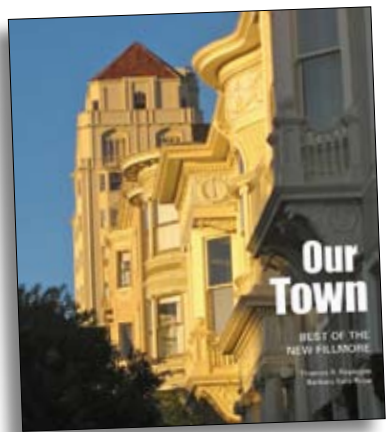
■ SHORT TAKES



Painting the ladies

SAN FRANCISCO artist Kit Haskell has established herself as the gold standard for pen and ink drawings of Victorian homes. The newest book to feature her drawings lets children of all ages choose their own favorite crayolas for the ladies.

It’s a coloring book featuring 20 of Haskell’s meticulously accurate drawings of some of San Francisco’s finest vintage homes, many of them located in the neighborhood. Each one comes with a history lesson, naturally, given Haskell’s long involvement in the Victorian Alliance and the San Francisco History Association. Her coloring book is available at Browser Books on Fillmore.



‘The book is a must’

WHAT A TREAT — a visual treat of exquisitely reproduced photographs and a textural declaration of the reproduction of numerous articles from the neighborhood newspaper, the *New Fillmore*.

Publisher, attorney and gallery owner Thomas Reynolds and co-author Barbara Kate Repa have compiled a compelling book that offers a smorgasbord of vignettes of San Francisco’s Fillmore District, from its earliest days to the present: individuals who inhabit the area, business and institutions that give the neighborhood its character, and the changes to its principal street.

The book is a must, not only for denizens of the Fillmore District, but also for any San Franciscan who wishes to have an intimate look at one of the city’s most vibrant areas. It’s available at Browser Books on Fillmore.

— CHARLES FRACCHIA

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By Andrea Chase

S LATED TO OPEN on August 9 at the Clay Theatre on Fillmore, *Tel Aviv on Fire* is a lighthearted film that ponders the serious subject of Israeli-Palestinian relations from a subversive point of view: There might be hope. It's not filmmaker Sameh Zoabi's first foray into this territory. His 2013 comedy, *Under the Same Sun*, dared to imagine that peace was achieved by two entrepreneurs — one Palestinian, the other Israeli — going into the solar energy business together. *Tel Aviv on Fire* doesn't offer such a final accord, but it does demonstrate the unexpected connections between people who would seem to have nothing in common — connections that might, if recognized and properly nurtured, lead somewhere positive.

Zoabi and co-writer Dan Kleinman use the fluffiest of protagonists: the loyal viewers, both Israeli and Palestinian, of the eponymous Palestinian soap opera. When Salem Abass (Kais Nashif), a lowly Hebrew consultant on the show, is stopped at an Israeli checkpoint, an idle and very unfortunate question gets him singled out for interrogation by Captain Assi Tzur (Yaniv Biton). By the end of their conversation, Salem has convinced Assi that he is the writer of the show, which Assi's wife adores. The two begin a collaboration that revolves around Salem's lack of writing talent, Assi's genius for it and the power of Palestinian hummus — the bribe that Salem brings Assi to get the help he so desperately needs. The comedy is sharp. And the writing has a wicked bite as it parses both the eternal struggle between art and commerce,



Director Sameh Zoabi: Keep making films about us vs. them? No, let me break the bubble.

At the Clay, a Sign of Hope

as well as what happens when people take each other on their own terms only to find that politics inevitably gets in the way. The farce of the premise still allows for stark moments of reality, such as when Salem numbly submits to a pat-down by Israeli soldiers while he's having a quiet lunch. When recently in San Francisco, Zoabi spoke about his film.

What about the role of hummus in the film? It's really funny, but it seems to have a much deeper significance. It ties into the essence of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict — the lack of voice the Palestinians have. When I came to New

York to do my master's degree at Columbia University, I went to a store, and I saw a package of Israeli hummus — and of course it makes you wonder. Hummus is such a Palestinian dish; it existed before Israel. People talk about how Palestinians never existed. Then, boom! We have the Oslo Accords — and suddenly people say there are Palestinians. I wanted to play this, that you take people's identity by taking their food. I think it's funny because people know about it, but they don't want to talk about it. Comedy comes from that place. A

writer goes to places that people can't imagine, and maybe they laugh a little. It allows you to talk about things that people don't want to talk about directly, especially with the Palestinian-Israeli conflict. It's a very heated topic. But also, as you know, the Palestinian perspective never makes it to the big screen. Even in the news, we are either crazy Muslims who are running around trying to kill people or we are nothing. There is nothing in between. And 90 percent of us are in between.

Do you believe there's hope of finding a lasting peace? It's an interesting thing going on with the idea of the word "coexistence," which sounds now like it's a bad term. As a filmmaker dealing with the possibility that two people could live together and find a solution, and have more in common than they think they do, sounds almost like a taboo that no one wants to talk about because the reality is so tragic. It's almost like you sound naive if you talk about it. But for me, I look at it differently. What I found is this: I had a taste of what Oslo could possibly do. Yes, the reality was not perfect. More checkpoints after Oslo. More killing. It's not like Oslo was a perfect moment, but there was a sense, getting back to hummus as identity, that suddenly the Israelis can call you Palestinian and not feel guilty about it. **So you are feeling hopeful?** I feel like we are getting somewhere. So I come to this point: Do I keep making films about us versus them? Or no, let me break the bubble? And I like doing that. These bubbles need to be brought down.

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Camille's Garden

'I rose to it. I felt obligated.'

By BARBARA WYETH



BARBARA WYETH

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FROM THE FIRST STEP into the garden behind a welcoming house on Clay Street, I was enchanted — and surprised, too, by its size and parklike feeling. This is not a manicured plot behind a single home, but a meandering landscape of many levels that extends the length of several properties on the block. The garden is the creation of Camille Martinelli, developed over the years by her research, study, hard work and passion. Her husband Marco has caught that enthusiasm, too — especially in the last couple years, and especially for roses, which are Camille’s favorite. But on this day, she offers an apology: “I’m afraid you’ve missed the roses; they’re pretty bloomed out.” While walking up a series of brick steps, under an arch of climbing vines and onto a cobblestone path, she points out a huge old birch tree with moss encrusted bark. “We’re very proud of that tree,” Camille

says. “They’re very hard to grow here.” The breeze picked up just then, creating a shower of rose petals from the fading blooms. There is a welcoming nook everywhere in this remarkable green space: a bench or a place to sit for a while, to take in the various views from particular spots. Many of the plants are natives and all have been researched and chosen for their compatibility with this coastal climate. The Martinellis stress their adherence to organic, pesticide-free techniques for growing and working with plants that thrive here. Camille is especially proud of the greenhouse she had made to her exacting specifications. Inside the glass-encased room are floral-cushioned chairs and a vintage metal storage cabinet from France, with that heavenly worn color and patina seen only on vintage French lawn furniture. She thinks back on how and why she took on this labor of love.

“I’m from Florida. My mother nurtured some plants on the window sill. They did beautifully, but we had no garden,” she recalls. “In 1985, I was living in the Sunset and working in real estate. A fellow agent came into my office one day to show me a new listing. He said: ‘You’re going to buy this house.’ And we did. It was all overgrown back here, rough soil, all different levels. But it was such a spectacular spot. I rose to it. I felt obligated.” She also had a rose mentor. “I saw something in a magazine about a grower, the late Joyce Demits in Fort Bragg, who specialized in heritage roses,” Camille says. “She taught me so much. I went up there and would bring back small little pots of rose plants and put them in the garden. I learned all about the different varieties and what would grow here. Most of those roses are still here, in fact. Roses became the queen of it all.”

There were no fences or indications of separate yards when the Martinellis first moved in. The surrounding neighbors did not seem to care about the garden growing into their yards — and in fact loved seeing the transformation of what had once been open, untended space. All have access to the garden and are free to spend time there as they wish, but most seem content just to enjoy the view. “This garden is not a geometric shape. It wanders, it goes up and down,” Camille says. “Where does it begin, where does it end? It’s a puzzle box.” Camille describes the garden as having many different rooms. “Depending on the weather, you gravitate to certain areas, to catch the light or find the shade, or just enjoy the quiet,” she says. “Nature is so prevalent in this garden. I would never have become a gardener if we hadn’t bought this house.”



Camille Martinelli, left, looks out on her parklike garden, carved out of the center of the block. Above, the greenhouse built to her specifications. Far left, some of its vintage furnishings.

By OLIVIA PERLMAN

As my junior year at Marin Academy was coming to a close last spring, I decided to apply for a summer internship with Jewish Family and Children's Services on Post Street. This paid internship program offers teens the opportunity to work with local businesses for six weeks under a supervisor's guidance. The program also includes a weekly workshop in which the interns are taught workplace and life skills, with a focus on Jewish values.

I was drawn to the experience and community engagement but not sure what to expect, since this was my first taste of life in the working world. Applicants are asked for their areas of interest. I enjoy science and math, but also expressed an interest in law because I wanted to get a sense of whether to consider it as a career.

I was placed at a small law firm, Breall & Breall, located on California Street near Laurel Village. I have probably walked by that red brick building a thousand times without giving a second thought to what goes on inside. The firm takes on a number of types of cases, but specializes in workers' rights. Walking in the door were firefighters, police officers, delivery workers and others who were either injured or pursuing labor-related claims.

On my first day, I was introduced to the two lawyers who run the firm: Joe and Sophie Breall, a brother and sister who are fourth generation San Franciscans. Their sister Susan Breall is a judge on the San Francisco Superior Court. Their great grandfather Mayer Hirsch was a well-known rabbi in the neighborhood and one of the few people who could make wine during Prohibition — kosher wine, to be used in religious services.

I had assumed my summer job was going to be mostly clerical and imagined my workspace as a bullpen desk next to the Xerox machine. Instead, my coworkers showed me to an office. They handed me a 200-page transcript of a deposition from a case involving a driver who claimed he had not been properly paid, and asked me to summarize it. At first it seemed a daunting task, but I soon found I enjoyed the reading.

The next day, I was given another transcript of a deposition to summarize — this one involving a caregiver for a client with disabilities who claimed he had worked long hours without being given enough breaks or proper wages. I wrote about his caregiving duties, the agreements he made with the agency that hired him, his long



Olivia Perlman worked for six weeks this summer at Breall & Breall, a neighborhood law firm.

My Summer Internship

A first taste of life in the working world

hours and his pay statements. This time I was able to move through it all faster.

At lunch with my new co-workers, I heard about new movies and restaurants they liked, and pretty much anything else that was not work-related. There was a clear difference between the mood inside and outside the office.

The next week, I combed through the extensive medical records of a woman who was hit by a car while crossing the street. I made a spreadsheet, adding information about her emergency room visit, lab tests,

doctors' appointments and treatments.

That week, I also went to court with Sophie for a case about a man who injured himself at work while trying to prevent a stroller from rolling down a hill. In court, she exchanged documents with the other attorney while the injured man sat for hours in the waiting room. He was eventually told there would be another hearing in a few months and that he could leave that day. I began to understand just how long it could take to bring a case to trial.

During my third week, Joe Breall brought me to court, and we sat in on a

family separation case being heard by his sister Susan. Two young boys living in a group home joked around and announced that their mother was doing better, even well enough for them to return home with her. Even though the boys made the hearing lighthearted, it was hard to watch without letting my emotions get in the way because it was clear that they would not be reunited with their mother anytime soon.

By then it was my fourth week of working at Breall & Breall. I had previously spent hours creating a week-by-week spreadsheet for the driver I learned about on my first day on the job — including his wages, regular and overtime hours, rest periods and meal periods. Joe brought me along to a hearing on the case. In the small room where it was held, I sat quietly in the corner and observed. When the spreadsheet I created was shown as evidence, it was rewarding to see my work being used. As the hearing went on, the banter eventually frustrated the judge and she urged both sides to wrap it up, announcing she would come to a decision in the next 15 days, then dismissing us.

The attorney approached us afterward and cracked a joke — far different than how he had acted for the past three-and-a-half hours. It was surprising to see the sudden shift in his persona.

My next task was to read through a purchase agreement for an offer that fell through — a change from the cases involving workers' rights. In that case, a real estate deal fell through because one side did not want to wait for the city to issue the permits that were part of the transaction. The buyer wanted his very large deposit back. I highlighted information about the right to extend the close of escrow and when you can and cannot enforce a time-is-of-the-essence clause. On my last day of the internship, I got to attend the mediation of the case to see whether they could voluntarily reach a settlement. Joe and his client were in one room and the other party sat in a separate room, while the mediator went back and forth between the two. After seven-and-a-half hours of negotiation, with each side gradually making progress toward a compromise, they were able to agree on a middle ground.

Although I do not plan to pursue a career in law, I learned a lot during my weeks at the firm that I can use in my life today, including taking responsibility and developing a strong work ethic. The experience also taught me that work can be fun and that interactions with coworkers can extend beyond the office walls.



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M.J. Staymates (right) with other leaders of the Western Addition Neighborhood Association Brett Gladstone (left) and Sharon Bretz (center) in 1989.

A Fillmore Pioneer

Remembering M.J. Staymates' love of the neighborhood — and her mission to improve it

By CALVIN LAU

SHE WAS THE quintessential little old lady in white tennis shoes — at least that's how relentless neighborhood activist Mary Jane Staymates, known to all as M.J., liked to fashion herself.

My first encounter with M.J., who died a few months ago, was at a Western Addition Neighborhood Association (WANA) meeting held in the basement of St. Dominic's Church. M.J. was presiding, and I was immediately struck by her love of the neighborhood and her mission to improve it.

M.J. stood ready to confront the real estate developers who were already circling the area like hawks. That was in 1979, the year my partner and I moved into an 1877 Victorian fixer-upper on Pine Street. In those days no one would ever have thought of calling our neighborhood by the oxymoron Lower Pacific Heights. It was plainly and simply the Western Addition, with all of its good and bad connotations.

M.J. and her husband, Blair, were truly pioneers in 1972 when they bought and began renovating an 1878 Victorian at 1948 Sutter Street, mid-block between Webster and Fillmore Streets near Cottage Row. Her beautiful front garden was filled with cala lilies, roses, hydrangeas, a green lawn and a huge cascading wall of red bougainvillea, all now replaced by a driveway. When she first moved in, M.J.'s house was surrounded by empty lots, and the row of Victorians across the street from her house was still boarded up, ghostly and empty of life.

M.J. tired of seeing the empty lots and the abandoned buildings on her block. In a 1989 interview with the *New Fillmore*, she said: "When we moved here in the early '70s, we couldn't get a taxi to come here it was so dangerous. Assaults and rapes were common, the streets were not cleaned because the manual street sweepers were afraid to come into the neighborhood, and the area was used to dump cars."

M.J. and two other neighbors, all now deceased, started a neighborhood association to focus on one major neighborhood problem: Bill Graham's Winterland auditorium at Post and Steiner Streets, a music venue that drew thousands of people to concerts. After concerts, some people rampaged through the neighborhood, breaking car windows, urinating on private property, tossing bottles and

getting in fights. "The Police and Fire Department would not respond to our calls," M.J. said in the 1989 interview. "We had numerous small fires set that continued to burn long after we called the station because even the Fire Department was afraid to come out to this neighborhood."

WANA waged a concerted campaign of neighborhood pressure to convince Bill Graham to stop producing concerts at Winterland. The music venue went into decline and subsequently closed; the site was eventually redeveloped as the 2000 Post Apartments.

After Winterland closed, WANA turned its

"When we moved here in the early '70s, we couldn't get a taxi to come here it was so dangerous."

— M.J. STAYMATES, co-founder
Western Addition Neighborhood Association

attention to fighting for neighborhood control and preservation against the powerful Redevelopment Agency, the Housing Authority and the Western Addition Project Area Committee. The Redevelopment Agency wanted to tear down the original Victorian housing in the neighborhood so that large scale projects could be built in its place. The Housing Authority's mission was to develop large subsidized housing projects. The Western Addition Project Area Committee, a citizens group chosen by the Redevelopment Agency, wanted power and money from the ensuing construction activity. It became a major turf war.

M.J. single-handedly nurtured WANA into a powerful organization, consistently drawing scores of neighborhood residents to its meetings, attracting powerful politicians eager to appear and influencing the city's political and planning decisions to enhance our neighborhood. Representatives of UCSF, real estate developers including Paula Collins of the Western Development Group, Senator

Leland Yee (pre-prison), district supervisor candidates and even grocer Mike Stone of Mollie Stone's all came calling to WANA for support and guidance as they sought favor in the neighborhood.

The organization wielded great clout. On three of the four corners at Steiner and Sutter Streets are condominium projects that WANA influenced by working with the developers to ensure that the new buildings would be in keeping with the neighborhood scale and built of wood, like nearby homes. WANA also convinced the developer of the Amelia condominiums on Fillmore Street to step back the project where it abutted the historical row of Victorians on Bush Street.

One of the most contested projects in the neighborhood was the sheriff department's plan to use a residence on Sutter Street near Pierce as an experimental low-security residential-style jail. WANA and the neighbors rallied against the project and persuaded Sheriff Michael Hennessey to back off.

One of my favorite memories of M.J.: A teetotaler, she was initially aghast at the idea of VINO, a wine shop, moving into a storefront space on California Street near Fillmore. She wanted to protest a liquor license for VINO, but I told her that a nice neighborhood like ours should have a nice wine shop. She ended up agreeing with me after she spoke to the proprietor of VINO and became convinced that the store would benefit the neighborhood. VINO supplied the neighborhood with an excellent selection of affordable wines for two decades until it closed in 2017.

M.J. left San Francisco in 1991 and returned to Phoenix, where she was born. Her husband stayed behind a few years, but eventually also returned to Phoenix, where he died in 2009.

In Phoenix, M.J. found another of the loves of her life, the historic El Oeste Lodge on Camelback Mountain. She spent her last quarter of a century restoring the property and nurturing its native plants.

M.J. died in Phoenix on November 5, 2018, at the age of 97. It took a while for the news to reach her old neighborhood. I don't think she ever came back to visit. She would have been amazed to see how it has been transformed.

Longtime neighborhood resident Calvin Lau is a former president of the Western Addition Neighborhood Association.

Queen of the Gold Coast

A novel set in a Pacific Heights mansion comes face to face with reality

By PETER VINCENT

Dusk was turning to dark the night I returned to my father's house. The taxi dropped me off at the corner and disappeared in the fog. As I stood across the street, looking up at the house, I was struck by how much it resembled the palazzos I had seen in Florence. Perched on a rocky ridge, several floors of smooth brown stone rose above a rusticated mezzanine. There was a wide terrace along the side of the house enclosed by a stone balustrade. A stone balcony at the front of the house looked out at San Francisco Bay. In a city built on hills, it must have been one of the highest, a fortress against the world.

SO BEGAN *The Passion Artist*, the novel I was writing. It was set in an ominous house on the corner of Broadway and Baker I discovered while cruising around the Gold Coast, that tony stretch of Broadway between Divisadero and Lyon Streets in San Francisco.

My friend Stella was in town and I took her to see the house. I parked my VW bug in front of the Getty house and we sat on the short wall nearby. When I had come to study the house before, I was struck by the fact that I had never seen any sign of life in it. The only light I ever noticed was on the mezzanine level, where the servants' quarters would be. That light would stay lit for weeks, and then one day it was dark again.

As I gazed up at the house, a light appeared in a window. A male silhouette stepped into the light and raised a pair of opera glasses. When I followed the line of his gaze, I saw a female standing at the window of the house across the street. Finally, she stepped out of the light and the room went dark. The male silhouette waited a long moment before he backed away and turned out the light.

Someone alighted from the house. She was an older woman wearing a blue wool suit, with a small round hat and short black pumps. She could have been Miss Marple. I thought she was the maid. Maids knew secrets.

"I've got to meet her," I told Stella. "Let's see where she goes."

We hopped off the wall and jumped into the bug and headed up Baker Street. I tried to pace myself with her arrival at the top of the hill, where she crossed in front of me. She seemed lost in her own private reverie. But it was now or never.

"Hello!" I said across the roof of the car. "I saw you come out of that beautiful house on Baker Street."

"Oh?" she said, taken aback.

"I'm a writer," I jumped in. "And I'm writing a novel that's set in the house."

"You are?" she asked with some consternation.

"It's a romance," I said, trying to keep things light.

"Well, that's interesting," she said and let her letter drop into the slot.

Time was getting short.

"I was curious about who lives there."

"I live there!" she exclaimed.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF 2901 BROADWAY FROM *OUR TOWN*

I was stumped. What more could be said? A maid might reveal some secrets, but not likely her.

"What's your name?" I tried.

"Emma," she said, surprising me with the name of the young heroine in novel. "Emma Mitchell."

"There's a girl named Emma in my book," I said.

"Is that so?" she said.

It was time to take my winnings and go. "It's been a pleasure, Mrs. Mitchell," I said, deferentially.

"Well, good luck with your book," she said, amused.

I slipped back into the car and headed off, as she turned back toward the house.

■

I waited a few days and then I sent Emma a thank you card, printing my return address on the envelope. A week later I got a letter from her.

She was a member of the Mayflower Society, an organization of Mayflower descendants. The local chapter was having its annual luncheon at the Presidio Officers' Club, but the history professor who was scheduled to speak had cancelled. She wondered if I might fill in. She included her phone number and encouraged me to call.

I told her I would speak at the luncheon if I could visit her house. She invited me for tea.

I parked across the street and walked up the drive. Emma stood outside the garage with her husband — a tall good-looking man whose first name was almost spelled like his last: Mitchell Mitchell. He wore a dark overcoat over a dark suit. After she introduced us, he relaxed a bit and turned

from his assessment of me — wearing a peaked cap, Nottingham Fire Service jacket, jeans and Frye boots — and regarded her with an endearing look that indicated he understood that I was just another one of Emma's eccentric adventures.

With that, he went back into the garage, pulled out in a long black Rolls Royce, waved and went down the drive.

A lone Rolls Royce sat at the front of the garage, as Martin led me toward the elevator at the rear. An elderly man, his striped pants and tattered tails seemed to rest on a hanger of bones. With a curved spine, a long pinched nose, and a patch of white hair, his eyes were an ethereal blue, set deep in a face that was cadaverous white. At the first floor, he opened the gate of the elevator and I stepped into the marble hall.

Emma and I took the elevator to the main floor and stepped into a marble hall with rooms off each side. The glass doors of the balcony were closed at one end. The house was pleasantly lit, comfortably furnished in a contemporary style, with a much warmer feel than one might imagine from the outside. It was a family home to them. It was the stuff of dreams to me. My two main characters would play out their amorous fantasies in these rooms.

"I thought we would have tea in the music room," Emma said, and led me across the hall. "We have some nice cakes, too."

She sat me on a couch and went off to the kitchen. I couldn't help

but notice the piano across the room. The narrator of my novel was a piano prodigy. In a moment, Emma was back with a tea tray and a plate of teacakes. When she settled back in the chair across from me, she asked about my family.

"I grew up Catholic in Philadelphia," I told her, hoping to garner some moral respect.

She sat up, enthused. "I was raised in Philadelphia!"

Emma told me she was raised a Quaker there, but was a devout Catholic now. There was an air of the Victorian woman about her as she described coming across the country with her mother on the train. Then she let it slip that her mother's family could trace its roots back to Charlemagne.

There was a look of merriment in her eyes when I described my great grandfather, a Scotch Irish whaler fishing off Narragansett who became a Boston saloonkeeper. When she asked my mother's maiden name, I said it was Carroll and her head rose up.

"Ah, yes! Of course!" she exclaimed. "You must be related to Bishop Carroll of Baltimore."

Unlikely. He was a popular prelate in the American clergy. But I didn't want to discourage her. It was winning me points.

"I'm not sure," I said. "I'll have to check with somebody in the family."

"Well, of course you're related to Bishop Carroll of Baltimore!" she persisted. "I'm certain! Yes, I'm sure of it."

What quickly became an assumption raised me so high in her esteem that I could hardly tell



her I was celebrating 10 years of atheism. Bishop Carroll became the very reason I was sitting there.

When I asked about the origins of the house, she told me it was a palazzo, a palace style developed by the merchant princes of Venice during the Renaissance.

Lou Hoover, the wife of Herbert Hoover, originally owned the raw land until she sold it to Milton Ray, a scion of the Ray Burner Co. On a trip to Italy, Ray and his wife Rose were strolling down a street in Florence one day when they stopped to admire a palazzo they quickly fell in love with. They went up and knocked on the door.

A young prince answered, and invited them in. Before long, plans were found, an architect was hired and the house was built in 1927. Joseph Strauss, the chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge, installed a cantilever system, which basically anchored the house to its mount of shale. Emma might sleep through a major earthquake and never notice it.

The Mitchells acquired the house in 1944, and that was only because Ray and Mitchel were friends who shared an interest in ornithology. Nobody else even got a shot at it. The Mitchells raised a daughter and three sons there.

When I inquired about her husband's wealth, she threw back her head and laughed: "He's a farmer from Fresno!"

He was also a brilliant young chemist who became a pharmacist and developed a chain of drugstores, then sold them and became a developer of large projects in Northern California. He was beginning to invest in the Napa wine country.

As a child, I had been swept from my bed in the middle of the night and flown to a school in Switzerland. Each year I was moved to another school, always without explanation. Strangers would come and pack my things and a car would be waiting outside. At each school, I had my own suite of rooms. The piano was my only

companion. Each time I moved, it would appear in my rooms several days later.

"Who plays the piano?" I asked her.

"That belonged to my son," she said.

"That's such a coincidence," I said. "The main character in my novel is a young piano prodigy."

She seemed agitated.

"He doesn't play anymore," she said. "He doesn't live here anymore."

And then she confided the tragedy that befell her young son. He was a grown man now, and would have to be cared for in a special facility for the rest of his life.

"Do you ever see him?" I asked.

There was a long pause.

"Less," she said finally, and in the silence that followed I understood the profound sorrow that only a mother's broken heart can bear. And then she added: "Peter, please don't write anything bad about my house."

I was touched by how fragile she looked.

"Of course not," I said, knowing I had papered Emma's rooms with a youthful eroticism that would make her blanch.

Time was up. It went without saying that I had seen as much as I was going to see.

As we stood waiting for the elevator, I took a

long look around and made a few mental notes. I would add another floor and move the balcony into the Gone With The Wind Room. I would need a grand staircase that Emma could descend dressed as Scarlett O'Hara. Otherwise, things were just as I had imagined.

Then a blond burst of sunlight popped out of the elevator. It was Emma's daughter. She was a woman in her early 30s, dressed in tennis whites and clutching a racket. She was overjoyed at the sight of her mother, who immediately introduced me as a relative of Bishop Carroll of Baltimore. I didn't linger. We said our goodbyes and I went down in the elevator, spotting the daughter's VW bug in the garage.

When I found my own bug across the street, I stopped to look up at the beige brick mansion where I was parked. The young heroine in my novel lived there. When I had asked Emma who actually lived there, she told me its sole occupant was an elderly widow. When I was naive enough to ask how she could afford it, her response was simply: "silver mines."

I only saw Emma when a breeze blew her curtains apart at the top of the house. She stood facing the long oval mirror of her armoire. She wore a pink kimono with red cranes. She held a mask of peacock feathers to her eyes. Small shoulders gave way to a narrow waist. A pink flame infused her heels and toes. But it was only when she removed the mask that I realized that I had seen the same girl in Budapest several months before.

Emma would be with the angels long before *The Passion Artist* could disappoint her. It was one of those books a writer puts away and then only rediscovers decades later on a baking summer day in a cafe in Budapest; then only brings to completion years later while looking out on his balcony in Pacific Heights, just a skip and a jump from Emma's place.





COMPASS

Shaban Shakoori is a real estate salesperson licensed by the state of California affiliated with Compass. Compass is a real estate broker licensed by the state of California and abides by equal housing opportunity laws.

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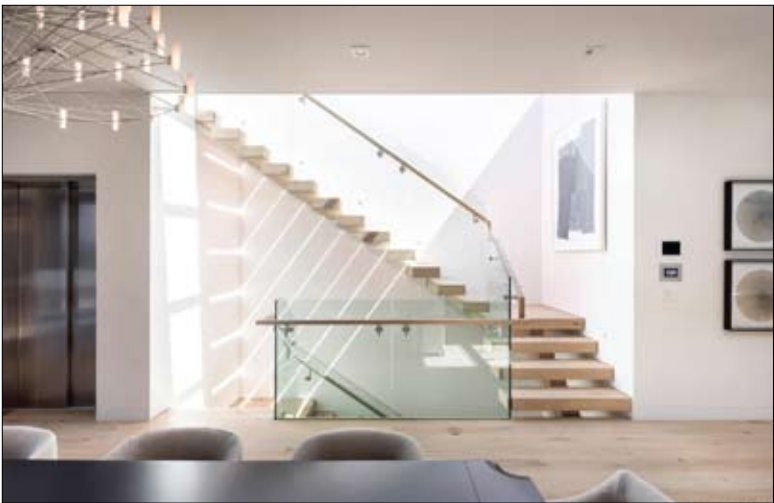
Guy Kornblum and his wife, Victoria, live in the neighborhood and raised their two children here.

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NEIGHBORHOOD HOME SALES

Single Family Homes	BR	BA	PK	Sq ft	Days	Date	Asking	Sale
2833 Vallejo St	4	7	4	6,050	58	6/27/2019	19,000,000	17,000,000
Condos / Co-ops / TICs / Lofts								
1450 Post St #502	1	1	1	540	662	7/11/2019	250,000	175,000
1450 Post St #306	1	2	1	1,067	392	6/28/2019	560,000	560,000
2006 Broderick St	1	1	0	n/a	90	6/21/2019	825,000	810,000
1541 Filbert St #2	2	1	1	792	0	6/18/2019	1,000,000	1,018,000
3295 Clay St #2	1	1	1	923	30	6/21/2019	995,000	1,080,000
1855 Sacramento St #9	1	1	1	1,164	10	6/26/2019	998,000	1,100,000
2090 Pacific Ave #406	1	1	0	916	4	7/10/2019	899,000	1,100,000
7 3rd Ave #2	1	1	0	967	12	7/8/2019	899,000	1,100,000
1855 Sacramento St #12	2	2	1	1,456	13	6/21/2019	1,250,000	1,350,000
1962 Bush St	4	2	0	2,327	19	6/24/2019	1,500,000	1,400,000
2392 Post St	3	2	1	1,700	26	7/1/2019	1,495,000	1,500,000
2009 Divisadero St #3C	2	2	1	1,253	12	7/12/2019	1,295,000	1,660,000
1541 Filbert St #5	3	2	1	n/a	3	7/5/2019	1,595,000	1,725,000
2960 Bush St	3	2	3	2,061	38	6/19/2019	1,895,000	1,895,000
2715 Pine St	3	2	2	n/a	19	7/5/2019	1,895,000	1,940,000
1859 Green St	2	1	1	1,306	0	6/28/2019	1,930,000	2,025,000
2774 Jackson St	2	2	1	1,738	0	7/1/2019	2,100,000	2,100,000
2106 Scott St #A	2	2	1	1,880	5	6/26/2019	1,895,000	2,120,000
1977 Pine St	3	3	2	1,771	13	7/3/2019	1,950,000	2,150,000
2359 Clay St #6	2	2	1	1,550	0	6/21/2019	1,950,000	2,150,000
1745 Broadway	3	3	1	2,228	90	6/24/2019	2,245,000	2,200,000
2353 Greenwich St	3	2	2	1,505	6	6/21/2019	1,945,000	2,205,000
1980 Vallejo St #3	4	3	1	2,328	127	6/17/2019	2,795,000	2,815,000



Only one local home sold last month



SINGLE-FAMILY HOME sales in the neighborhood reached a decade low during the last month, with only one single-family home selling in Pacific Heights, Lower Pacific Heights, Presidio Heights and Cow Hollow from mid-June to mid-July.

The summer months are traditionally the slowest time for real estate activity in San Francisco. But even by seasonal standards, market activity this summer has slowed considerably, with single-family home sales in the neighborhood declining to the lowest level since the housing market bust in 2008. The prolonged shortage of offerings on the market in the city is largely to blame for declining sales.

The one property that did change hands is an impressive example of modern architecture and amenities.

The home at 2833 Vallejo Street (above) sold for \$17 million in late June. The property's amenities include a home theater, a gym and a wine cellar. Just completed this year, the ultramodern residence also offers picture-perfect views from its roof deck of the Golden Gate Bridge and the Palace of Fine Arts.

— Data and commentary provided by PATRICK BARBER at Compass Real Estate. Contact him at patrick.barber@compass.com or call 415-345-3001.

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Pacific Heights



2440 Scott Street
\$5,995,000
4 Bed | 3.5 Bath
2440scottstreet.com

Patricia Lawton
415.309.7836
pattie@lawtonsf.com
DRE 01233061

Cow Hollow



136-138 Pixley Street
\$4,800,000
2 Units
136-138pixley.com

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DRE 01233061

Russian Hill



1080 Chestnut Street #11D
\$3,950,000
3 Bed | 3.5 Bath
1080chestnut-11d.com

Marsha Williams
415.533.1894
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DRE 01187693

Pacific Heights



1925 Gough Street #11
\$2,995,000
3 Bed | 2 Bath
1925gough-11.com

Patricia Lawton
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DRE 01233061

Inner Parkside



2618 18th Avenue
\$2,700,000
4 Bed | 4 Bath
2618-18thave.com

Marsha Williams
415.533.1894
marsha.williams@compass.com
DRE 01187693

Kentfield



81 Hanken Drive
\$2,495,000
6 Bed | 6 Bath
81hanken.com

Stephanie Ahlberg
415.271.5117
stephanie.ahlberg@compass.com
DRE 00795896

Marina



2165 Beach Street #6
\$1,695,000
2 Bed | 2 Bath
compass.com

Jay Costello
415.517.1363
jay.costello@compass.com
DRE 00620045

Parkside



2066 23rd Avenue
\$1,235,000
2 Bed | 2 Bath
2066-23rdave.com

Marsha Williams
415.533.1894
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DRE 01187693

Dogpatch



1578 Indiana Street #6
\$999,500
1 Bed | 1.5 Bath
1578indiana6.com

Sally Rosenman
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DRE 01018834

Telegraph Hill



218 Union Street #5
\$900,000
1 Bed | 1 Bath
218union94133.com

Debi Green
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DRE 01518008

SoMa



57 Rodgers Street A
\$799,000
1 Bed | 1 Bath
57arodgers.com

Myrick Tantiado
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Nob Hill



1177 California Street #1003
\$549,000
Studio | 1 Bath
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2741 Vallejo Street

Fabulous Pacific Heights residence! Glorious views from the 4-level family home with 5BR, 6BA and a 2-car side-by-side garage. Stunning family room and office with panoramic views and a large deck. Walk-out south garden accessed from kitchen as well as bedroom level. Massive seismic improvements and top-of-the-line fixtures and fittings, sound system, and gorgeous decor. Every window has a view either of the Bay and Golden Gate Bridge or greenery of the several decks and garden. Top location on exclusive quiet street surrounded by lovely homes. Quick walk to the Presidio, Crissy Field, or to Union and Fillmore Street shops and restaurants as well as to the excellent private schools in the neighborhood.

\$9,500,000 | www.2741Vallejo.com



2179 Pacific Avenue

Located on a coveted block in Pacific Heights, 2179 Pacific Ave is a rare find; a spacious and graceful house-like condominium with views. Stylishly sophisticated, this top floor 4BR, 2.5BA home showcases perfect combination of elegant Victorian details and exceptional modern upgrades. An ideal layout, with living space on the main level, including formal living and dining rooms, a large eat-in kitchen with bar and pantry, powder room, family room, and deck. All four bedrooms are on upper level, including the tremendous master suite, which boasts lovely views of the San Francisco Bay. 1-car parking. With an impeccable interior, great views and fabulous location, this is the ideal single-family alternative in Pacific Heights.

\$3,195,000 | www.2179Pacific.com

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